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The Death of an Angel



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Chapter 1 by Natalia

Well fuck me I thought. "Man, I already told you I didn't kill Chantelle and I didn't set her damn house on fire!"

"Monica, we know you did it. We have evidence. If you just admit it, it will make things so much easier on you." *God damn it, Officer Danni.*

"Listen up, you rude block-headed crouton. I did not kill her. She was my friend! I loved her!"

The tears were welling in my eyes. "I told you everything I know. We were watching television when the lights went out. We heard glass shattering and voices from downstairs so we ran into my parents room to find a gun, but the safe was locked. There were three men. They ran in and that's the last thing I remember is Ian sitting next to me in the back of your truck." *Oh, god. Ian.* "I want to go home."

I stood up to walk out. "Hon-"

"Listen up, you useless paper clip! Don't you dare call me *Honey* after you accused me of murdering my best friend!" I stood up and shoved my chair. "Now, if you would, drive me home." *Even if home is burnt down...*

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